Steve Harrington Is... by blueberrykurt

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Steve needs someone at night, it just happens to be you.

Steve Harrington Is...

Author's Note:

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> My tumblr: http://alexs-ummers.tumblr.com/

Steve Harrington is a mess. He's not exactly sure what it is tonight, he'd say the nightmares, but he thought he's gotten used to those. Maybe he was just lying to himself. Steve rubs at his tired eyes, sitting in the driver's seat of his car. One of his safe places. He used to sit in here with Nancy, he tries not to reminisce, but nights like these it's all he seems to have.

Steve Harrington is alone. He knows you'd hit him for saying something like that, but you're not his, he's too scared to ask you out, to really connect with you. He's afraid you'll see through him, decide that the real Steve isn't the one you want. Steve tightens his grip on the steering wheel, the car isn't even on. He can't will himself to turn the key, once he does, he knows he'll drive straight to you. His other safe place when he's broken enough. You don't question it, always welcoming Steve with open arms when he needs it. Maybe it hurts you, but he's never seen it. He takes what he can get without truly opening up to you. He'll settle for the flirting at school and the night time drives.

Steve Harrington will not let anyone in. He'll try and try again to open up to you every time you're sitting in the passenger seat of his car, but he can't. The words don't form and instead he'll grip your hand instead of the steering wheel. You want to love him, but he won't let you. He turns the key, beginning his journey to your house.

He knocks on the door of your house, he's never woken up your parents before, thankfully. Like every other time you open the door, rubbing at those tired eyes. He feels guilty, like always. He shouldn't be here, you don't owe him a damn thing. "Steve?" You ask, but you're not surprised. Some weeks you see him almost every night, other weeks you can barely get a hold of him. You're going for your coat, but he stops you, a hand holding your wrist.

His hair is a mess, dark bags under his eyes, you wonder if anyone else noticed the change in his demeanor. “Can we-” He clears his throat, meeting your eyes. “Can we stay here?”

Steve Harrington is taking a risk. He’s not sure what he’s going for, he just knows he needs more than your hand to hold, tonight. He feels like an open book and immediately wants to go back out to his car, turn up the music and scream out into the night with you. He drops your wrist. It’s a different request, but you’d never say no to Steve, something he doesn’t seem to realize.

“Come on.” You grab his hand, threading your fingers through his like you’ve done many nights before, leading him up to your room. You’re not sure he’s ever been here, but it doesn’t matter. You’re both too tired to care. You easily crawl back into bed, leaving Steve standing around. He’s not sure what to do, laying beside you seems to intimate, like it’d be passing a line he hasn’t yet crossed. Your mind doesn’t seem to be on the same thoughts as you pull back the blankets for him. “ *Come on* .” You urge, an annoyance in your voice.

Steve pushes off his shoes before crawling under the covers, body still a safe distance from you. He doesn’t know what he’s doing. This used to be easy, but you’re different. You’ve seen the best and worst of Steve Harrington. Steve is confident, he makes you laugh and look at him with something like pride. Steve is insecure and you hold is hand at 3 AM with the radio blaring. Steve is sweet, he’ll smile at you with those puppy dog eyes and you can’t help falling in love. Steve is in love and he can’t even recognize the signs anymore. You move yourself closer to his body, an arm wrapping around his middle as you rest your head on his shoulder, eyes falling closed. Steve Harrington is loved.

Steve lets himself bask in the warmth you provide, he moves his arm to wrap around your shoulders, holding you closer to him. This is the most he’ll allow himself. But Steve is selfish when he wants to be, he presses a kiss to the top of your head, letting it linger longer than it needs to.

The two of you lay in silence for a while, but you can’t fall asleep. You can’t pinpoint why, but things feel different. You move your head to look at him, “Are you awake?”

“Yeah.” He says, looking at you in the dark. He can’t make out all your features, but he doesn’t need to.

“We could start… staying in here, some nights. If you wanted.” You offer, tightening your arm around his middle.

Steve smiles in the dark, leaning his head down, “Yeah, I’d… like that.” He’s closer now, maybe because he can’t get the thought of wanting to kiss you out of his head. He hasn’t, yet. He’s wanted to, every night he watches the streetlights catch your eyes. Steve Harrington is in love with you. He doesn’t quite see it, yet, but as his head leans down, his lips meeting yours, he catches a glimpse of it.

You kiss him back, finally he’s kissing you. If he waited too much longer, you’re sure you would have done it. Once you pull away, there’s a smile spread across your face, a heat rising to your cheeks. “Steve…” You whisper, sliding your hand across his chest. You lean back in to kiss him again, not sure you’re going to be able to stop.

Steve Harrington is coming undone with his lips against yours. Slowly he knows his walls are going to crack. Maybe he’ll come to terms with realizing he deserves to be loved. He pulls away from the kiss, he can’t think about anything other than you. Steve Harrington knows he’s in love. “I think… I think I love you.”

You want to laugh because you’ve been harboring the same feelings for a while, you press a quick kiss to his lips. “ *I love you, Steve Harrington.* ”